Visada - Always

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Visada - Always

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Summary

After being rescued from the arctic, Overgård is in critical condition. Hannibal, listed as his emergency contact is asked to come in to decide the fate of his twin, whom he hasn't seen for the past 5 years. This could be his last chance to open the doors of his childhood memories in his memory palace.

Notes

Please note this is my first fic! I haven't written fiction in a very long time so I am very rusty. Feedback is very appreciated
Also please note - Hannibal *may* seem a little out of character but that's because it's kind of my version of Hannibal if he had a twin (mostly built based on how much he loved Mischa).
Please see the end notes for more...notes :)

See the end of the work for more notes

“WE’RE HERE!”

“WE’RE HERE!!!”

Overgård waved his burning jacket until his arms finally gave in. Holding the girl, he quietly whispered

“it’s okay. You’re not alone”.

Could she hear him?

Could she understand him?

He didn’t quite know. But as he watched his final hope fly away into the cold arctic sky, Overgård held the girl’s hand, and slowly laid his head down.

“it’s okay”.

The final rush of Adrenalin in his body had rushed out, and after enduring endless months of the cold, hunger and blood loss, his body finally surrendered.

Closing his eyes, Overgård imagined the last time he felt warmth. He hugged the girl tightly, reminding him of his younger sister, who suffered in the cold with hunger, nobody to help her despite his and his twin’s best efforts. They couldn’t protect her from the world.

“Henrick!”

Sounds of his former life rang in his ears.

The sound of a child’s laughter, proceeded with her cries.

Cries of pain and suffering. She had wanted soup. It was so cold. The three of them held onto each other and spent endless nights trapped, fighting hunger with sleep.

“Henrick!!”

His brother was the older one - by a mere 3 minutes. Hannibal carried himself as the eldest out of three. He knew he did his best to protect Mishca to the best of his abilities. He vividly remembers the day they were finally fed soup after so many days of hunger. Hannibal had been reluctant to take a bite but when he realised his twin wasn’t eating simply because of him, Hannibal closed his eyes and took a sip.

Henrick had never felt such pleasure and pain at the same time. The pleasure of filling his stomach, and the pain of knowing it was his young sister he was consuming. Henrick heard the silent cries of his brother that very night. They held each other's hand until the next morning, until they were rescued.

But they knew; they would never be the same.

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“Male, late 40s, female late 20s found. Severe malnutrition and dehydration”

“She’s surprisingly in better shape than he is. He’s going to have to lose his fingers...and toes”

“He’s crashing!”

The paramedics worked furiously on his failing heart, stopping multiple times throughout the trip from the arctic to the nearest hospital.

‘H. Overgård’

--

“This is where I leave you, I guess, Hannibal”

“Will you write?”

They had chosen different paths. Hannibal had wanted to study medicine and he wanted to travel the world. Hannibal had studied hard while he had learnt how to fly, to boat, to fish, and to survive. While they were twins, they were nothing alike.

He was well aware of why Hannibal had chosen the path of medicine and his particular appetite. While he did not support his brother's particular taste buds, he did not stop him as he somewhat understood his reasons. Overgård just knew he wasn't going to be visiting his brother for dinner any time soon.

"I'll send postcards on your birthday"

He had changed his surname. Not because he wasn't satisfied or he disliked the name 'Lecter', but as a symbol of becoming someone new and to strip away the past; to move on. The name 'Overgård' had no symbolic meaning. He just wanted something plain. A name that was easy to remember and one that could never tie him to his past.

"What if I want to send you a card?"

"I guess you can't. It'll be a one way message"

Overgård smiled, as Hannibal stood there in his white coat.

"Will you miss me?"

He spoke teasingly. It felt odd seeing his usually stoic brother become emotional.

"Visada"

With a heavy heart, they hugged. Hannibal leaned closer, drying his tears on his younger twin's shoulder.

That was the last time he had seen Hannibal.

Young and passionate.

As he once was.

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“Dr. Lecter?”

“Yes. I must request for you to call me back a little later, I am currently occup-”

“You’re listed as Mr.Overgård’s emergency contact”

“Sorry, who?”

“Mr. Henrick Overgård? This is - “

Hannibal couldn’t really remember the rest of the phone call. He quietly replied with a yes, hung up, and sat back down. And it was clear to Will that Hannibal was quite shaken up.

It was a name he hadn’t heard for at least 5 years. The last time he heard from his brother was his last postcard, sent from Lithuania with a picture from their childhood. He had been back to Lecter castle. Henrick had called him from home, telling him how nothing had changed and that he should consider visiting in the near future.

Hannibal was furious. It was a past he had worked so hard to forget. He knew based on the depths of his memories and past, he could never go back home.

But his brother could.

“You okay there?”

Will had approached closer while he fell into his thoughts.

“Can you drive for me, Will?”

--

“Sir, he’s a donor”

Among the little belongings they found in his pockets, his flying license had indicated that Overgård was an organ donor.

“He might be a match. Let’s get him tested.”

After being treated in a nearby hospital, he had been flown back to America.

Henrick now only existed in Hannibal’s memory palace.

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“I didn’t know you had a twin”

“There’s a lot of things you don’t know about me, Will.”

“Is he going to be okay?”

“If they have called me, no, I don’t think so.”

Hannibal left his coat in the car. Will could see Hannibal was nervous; almost vulnerable.

“Henrick Overgård, please”

The nurse led the two men down a long hallway, into a private room in the intensive care unit.

As the door opened, Hannibal could see his twin, now much older, with various tubes and lines, surrounded by various machines. He stood as these machines kept his twin alive.

Taking artificial breaths, blackened toes and fingers, his face scarred and bruised. It was clear he struggled to stay alive.

At some point Hannibal felt his knees give in, almost falling.

This was not how he wanted to see his brother again, or *ever*.

He sat down in a chair next to him, holding his brother's hand - only just realising how much older he looked since the last time he saw him. It was clear his fingers had died and they hadn't done anything. Which could have meant only one thing.

"Dr. Lecter?"

A doctor and a woman walked in the room.

Hannibal knew this conversation could only go one way.

"I'm guessing you're here to tell me he has no brain activity"

"I'm so sorry. His heart stopped too many times. We did revive him, of course but he had gone without oxygen for 40 minutes by the time we stabilized him"

"What happened"

"We were told his plane had crashed months ago in the arctic. It was meant to be a routine flight but things had gone wrong. Apparently they had been searching for him until a random helicopter crew found him with another survivor last week. His body temperature was below 27 degrees celcius when they found him. Given his blood work , it's even a miracle he even held on for that long."

Hannibal gave his twin a long stare.

How *dare* him.

How dare he put his life at such risk.

He was angry at his recklessness.

"We have a female, who is a match with Mr.Overgård's liver. She's the one who we brought in with him"

--

They spent the next 5 years in an orphanage. The very house they grew up in was turned into something else that was no longer home. They were rescued, but not saved. Following the events of Mischa, they both refused to talk to anyone else but each other. Bullies were relentless with their cruelty; but Hannibal didn't let them touch Henrick. He became violent in order to survive. At 13 years old, their uncle had found them and they were moved to Paris to live with him.

"Hannibal, Henrick, this is your aunt. Aunt Murasaki"

After being taken in, their lives were relatively peaceful. But Hannibal could see his twin had a difficult time adjusting to a new house, to a new family, and losing their parents.

"When do you think they'll come back for us, Hannibal?"

Henrick had refused to believe their parents had died. He refused to believe Mishca had died.

Hannibal could still smell the damp earth. The heat of the fire. His mother's blood on his hands.

"Maybe soon, mylimasis"

Chiyoh was the only other person they could trust. Her being younger than them reminded them of Mishca. Henrick quickly grew attached to her.

Hannibal had moved to Florence once he was of age. At 18, Henrick followed. Unlike his brother, he didn't quite know what he wanted to do. Their first night in Florence was the first time Henrick had witnessed Hannibal's appetite. A young male that Hannibal had invited to their home the night before. He had brown hair, curly, short and piercing blue eyes. One would assume that upon being confronted by such a sight they would feel disgusted or feel fear. But Henrick felt indifferent. He stared into Hannibal's eyes and did not see a monster. He did not see a killer. He saw Hannibal. His older brother, his true self. If that was who he was, Henrick understood that was who he had to accept.

“Why?”

“It’s only cannibalism if we’re equals. Him; he is not an equal among us Henrick.”

“Was he rude?”

“Terribly, mylimasis.”

Hannibal made a grand roast out of him. Henrick realised he didn’t even know the young man’s name, not that it mattered anymore. But once he took a bite, he knew he was not a fan.

“Will you report me, Henrick”

“Why would I, brother? You and I just have different taste.”

“Do you resent me?”

“I could never, Hannibal. Unlike others, you and I see each other. Just...don’t get caught. Stay alive.”

Hannibal had never felt so free until that day. To be understood, to be seen by someone he truly loved. Someone who also saw the beauty in life. A part of him was slightly saddened at the fact that he may never be able to meet someone else who could understand him as much as his twin could.

--

Will was unsure what to do. He watched as Hannibal sat next to Henrick, his arms crossed, eyes fixed on his chest. Rising and falling rhythmically.

“Is there anything I can do for you, Hannibal?”

“No, Will. You’ve been a great help until now. I apologise for dragging you into my personal affairs”

“There’s no need to apologise. I wouldn’t want you to go through this alone”

Quiet beeps filled the room. Will sat next to Hannibal, holding the donation papers in his arms.

Hannibal held Henrick's hand and closed his eyes.

--

"I know you'll do it for me, Hannibal"

Hannibal's mind palace was a vast place, and no matter how far away, Henrick had always had a seat in the main hall.

"Saving the girl is the only thing that kept me going until the end, Hannibal. She reminded me of our sister"

"But what about you,mylimasis? Why didn't you fight harder to stay alive?"

"I did. Long enough for me to help others, and long enough to say goodbye. Take my hand, Hannibal"

Hannibal's mind palace had doors that he could never open on his own. Filled with screams of Mischa, memories of Mischa, his former life, his parents - before he lost it all.

Holding hands, Hannibal and Henrick walked down a long corridor. Passing those Hannibal had chosen to maintain in his memory palace; including Will Graham. They passed many doors - years of memories; years of people and places. Once past the light, they reached a dark corridor. No light could be seen above their heads. Just the shadows peeking through the gap between the floor and the door that led to the memories.

"This is the first and last time. I cannot do this on my own"

"We'll do it together. Hannibal"

--

“*Mischa! Henrick! Stay inside!”*

The bombs were loud. The planes were loud. There was blood. Too much blood.

Hannibal approached his mother’s dead body. His hands were bloodied. It wasn’t his blood. The plane carrying the bombs had crashed nearby and he could feel the heat approach them. He ran back inside, held his siblings’ hands and ran to the basement. He wasn’t sure how long it had been but he could see the snow and an outside world that was white.

Slowly and quietly, he held Henrick’s hand, Mischa still in the basement and walked out front. Everyone was dead. Their parents’ bodies were burnt. Their flesh blackened. Cold and covered in snow.

Hannibal felt helpless. Henrick couldn’t believe his eyes.

“What do we do now, Hannibal?”

He didn’t have an answer.

Henrick picked up a fistful of snow and attempted to bury what remained of their parents. Hannibal didn’t know when the winter would end.

So he did the same.

Days and nights passed. They had used up what was left in the kitchen. They didn’t do much, but Henrick was always sitting on the front porch. Where their mother always used to read them books. He wouldn’t move until Hannibal would force him inside to sleep.

The forest was quiet - until the runaway soldiers invaded their peace.

“Hands up!”

Four men wearing military uniforms approached the three children.

Without hesitation, they started a fire, chained the three of them by the neck in the attic and proceeded to look for food. Hannibal moved the chain away from Mischa’s neck so she wouldn’t get cold. They were given a rug. But that was all that they had.

By the second day, Mischa's body started to burn up. Henrick couldn't move from a fetal position from hunger and Hannibal was busy trying to break them free. Henrick watched as the men stuffed anything that moved into their faces. Rats and insects without a moment's hesitation. On the third day, they had managed to hunt a couple of rabbits to eat. A large man, who they all called 'chef' gave the children bones to chew on. There was meat, but barely enough for one person. Considering the state Mischa was in, Hannibal and Henrick made sure Mischa was the one being fed.

But that wasn't enough to stop the raging fever inside the little girl as she fought to stay alive in the unforgiving winter.

Hannibal held her close. On either side of her laid her brothers; a small rug to keep them warm. Sharing body heat, hungry and scared, the three children spent most of the day sleeping to fight the hunger and fatigue. That was until the men below came sprinting up the stairs.

"She's the weakest. She won't survive another day"

They took the chain off of Mischa's small body

"What are you doing?"

Squeezing the last bit of energy his body could manage, Hannibal took hold of Mischa by her ankles. Desperate to keep her by his side, Hannibal fought the grips of the hungry men.

"Henrick!! HELP!"

The other boy arose and pushed his body off the ground. Holding Mischa by her waist, the boys were determined to protect their sister.

"Anniba!!"

It was a name he hadn't heard since he was 8 years old.

"Anniba!!"

She was so little. She couldn't pronounce Hannibal's name correctly.

"Look at me Hannibal"

Henrick stood next to Hannibal. Holding hands, the image of their traumatic day had frozen. Hannibal stood still as he examined his younger self. Mischa's face. Or what he remembered of her face.

It was the last memory Hannibal had of what happened before he awoke again.

Mischa and the men missing. Henrick by his side.

"It wasn't our fault"

"I couldn't protect her"

"No. *We* couldn't protect her. And it wasn't our fault that we couldn't"

"It should have been me"

"It should have been none of us. Hannibal, look at me"

Hannibal turned around to face Henrick. It was strange seeing his twin standing next to his 8 year old self.

"You need to let go"

Taking a step closer. Henrick held Hannibal's hands.

“Promise me you’ll let go. Go home Hannibal. I need you to say goodbye to me and to Mischa. At home”

“Would you watch over me?”

“I will.”

--

Hannibal opened his eyes.

Tears streaming down his face, he held onto what remained of Overgård’s hand, a little tighter.

Catching his breath, he sat still and closed his eyes.

Henrick was no longer in his mind palace.

But it was okay.

He closed the doors of the one memory he would never open again and swore to let go.

To keep it sealed.

Because he could now move on.

--

Will had fallen asleep next to him, papers in his hands.

He quietly took out his pen and removed the papers from Will's grip and signed them.

“Will you give us a moment?”

The doctors and nurses stepped out of the room.

Will still sleeping,

the rhythmic beeps,

And a worn out face.

Hannibal clasped Henrick's blackened fingers. Their fingers intertwined; he leaned in closer, giving him a soft kiss on his forehead.

"You can rest now, mylimasis. Say hello to Mischa for me. I love you. I always will."

Running his finger through Henrick's hair one last time, Hannibal wrapped his hand around Henrick's cheeks, and looked at his brother's face for the last time.

It was really time to say goodbye.

As the room began to fill with medical staff, Will stood up, and held Hannibal's hand without hesitation. Although the man looked well in control of his emotions, Will could see that Hannibal was on the verge of tears.

"You can cry, you know"

"But I will not. Henrick wouldn't want me to cry"

As they wheeled out the man, Hannibal remained standing in the empty room. Just Will by his side.

That was the day he said goodbye to Henrick.

That was the day he took a part of his soul.

And that was the day Hannibal could finally move on from his haunted past.

-End

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading my first fic!! it means a lot that you took the time to sit and actually read through it all!
Feedback and comments are appreciated!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!